

# The Intelligencer.

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## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Though the hand of the assassin has removed from the field of national action William McKinley, whose mortal remains now sleep in the Ohio town in which he was known as citizen and friend, the government at Washington still lives, the wheels of commerce continue to revolve and the pulse-beats of the American business world are normal. Soon after the death of Mr. McKinley Theodore Roosevelt was inducted into the office of chief executive of the nation on making oath that he would support the constitution of the United States. Thus the broken thread of governmental succession was rewoven, and affairs, national and otherwise, moved along in their regular channels, only touched with deep grief at the great calamity that threw the country into the deepest of mourning and wounded almost unto death the heart of a devoted wife.

President Roosevelt has invited the members of the McKinley official family to remain permanently in his cabinet and his first utterance after taking the oath of office was that he would carry out the policies of his predecessor. As this other, however, more anon.

It is generally conceded that President Roosevelt, though perhaps too much given to the cow-boy practices of the "wild and woolly west," as the effete east would designate, and mayhap a trifle too fond of cheap notoriety, is an honest man—a man of strong convictions and withal candid. He is classed by the press of the country as against trusts and since entering upon a successful race for governor of New York on his return from the Spanish-American war he has been looked upon as opposed to machine politics. It is a well known fact to the student of political history that the Hanna contingent of the republican party, backed by the trusts and the tariff barons of the world, has never missed an opportunity to defeat, if possible, Roosevelt in his ambitions, and the most plausible reason that can be assigned is that they fear him. It was with a view to the political annihilation of this man that the nomination for vice-president of the United States was thrust upon him, the idea being to preclude the possibility of his nomination for president later on. All knew that this conspiracy to kill was hatched and carried out by Hanna, Platt and other machine politicians of the republican party.

Now that providence has intervened and made Roosevelt president, what will be the result? Will he be equal to the emergency expected of him by the American people, or will he climb into the band-wagon of political mammon and do the bidding of the masters of his party by yielding to the autocratic dictates of heartless corporations in order to secure a fat fund for the next campaign? The eye of the country is focused upon Mr. Roosevelt and of him much is expected.

We believe in condemning no man prematurely, hence judgment will be suspended in the case of the new president until he shall have had an opportunity to show to the American people the material of which he is made. In the meantime the contempt in which the Hanna machine is held by the people of this nation—the intelligent, thinking masses—should be a warning to President Roosevelt that if he would retain his place in the affections of his countrymen he must steer clear of all such contaminating influences.

The Fulton Gazette is wrong in saying that the compromise effected by Callaway county with the Chicago & Alton railway on the question of back taxes is the best so far obtained by any county through which that road runs. The percentage of the total amount the Alton agrees to pay to Callaway county is only 75, while in Lafayette it is 80 and a fraction. And Lafayette county never brought any suits against the road, either, as did Callaway. The county court of this county is entitled to the blue ribbon in the ring of Alton tax settlements. The percentage of settlement in Audrain county was only 66.73 and yet the county court of that county thought it was doing well.

## HOME LOVE HIS GREATEST VIRTUE.

"All's well at home." Sweet soothing thought! "Home!" The most endearing word in the vocabularies of the world's languages. "Happy home!" The most priceless heritage of man's estate. "Home, sweet home!" Immortalized in verse and given forth in melody—universal melody—it means to him who holds sacred his vow at the altar of God the true solution to the philosophy of life—contentment; a transformation of things heavenly to those earthly if such were possible—a contented self-satisfaction that reaches to divinity for its origin.

Blessed is the man who loves his home, and therein was the chief crown of glory that rested upon the head of William McKinley. Home was his pride and his marriage vow his most sacred governing rule by both day and night. A bounteous affection for the woman whom he had taken to wife was the most lovable characteristic that governed the life of this man who filled many places of trust, chief among which was the presidency of the greatest nation of people the world has ever known. The glare and glitter of social life at Washington as the first man of beloved Columbia was but chaff before a ruthless wind when home needed his care. "Let no man put asunder" was the vigilant rule of his being. Courteous and obliging to foreign diplomats who surrounded him in his official capacity, ever to the front in the nation's affairs, yet underlying all this affability and devotion to public duty was a deep love for the wife of his bosom that made him greater in the hearts of the American people than all the high and exalted position ever thrust upon him by a confiding constituency.

What greater heritage could man leave to his posterity, to his country? None earthy, for indeed the love of home is heaven born.

Upon the American home depends the perpetuity of this government—upon the contentment of its people the future of our free institutions. It is while around the fireside that these people engage in that sober second thought that molds them into the best of citizens. Our laws declare that man's home is his castle, in defense of which he has the right to kill. The poet has said, "be it ever so humble there is no place like home."

How true! How universally true! Yet 'tis not of the humble home that we write. Rather the home of political power and a supremacy respected and honored of all the world. But no difference! Home to William McKinley was dearer than all the pomp attendant upon the leadership of men—more pleasing than the splendor of diplomatic retinue—more abiding even than the affections of his countrymen—yea, of the world.

The love of William McKinley for home is doubly accentuated when we consider the proneness of men high in authority to drift from those nearest them through heavenly tie and float out upon the sea of social distinction and worldly desire. Few men place behind them the plaudits of nations and when called he themselves unceremoniously to the bedside of a diseased woman whom they call wife. 'Tis man's nature to love greatness—to stand forth and be gazed upon as on dress parade as the most illustrious object of his country's production. But there are some who sacrifice ambition to love for home and leave behind them the vain things of life for those of true happiness. One of these was William McKinley, beloved of his wife, beloved of his countrymen, beloved of his God. Unlike Napoleon his first thought was for the noble woman who had forsaken all to follow him. The sorrows of poor unhappy Josephine could never have fallen to the wife of William McKinley for home love was his nature and true manhood the immovable rock upon which he stood. And yet, the world called Napoleon great. Avault! His life proved that all was vanity and vexation of spirit—that it had been a mistake as to the promise of future reward. The earnest, devoted husband who believes in a union of spirits beyond and bases his hope for eternal life on the promise of Him in whom Pilate could find no guile, never allows personal ambition to bring sorrow to the family circle and so it was with William McKinley. Napoleon lived for a day. McKinley for eternity. The lot of the wife of imperial, ambitious Napoleon was characterized by unhappiness, sorrow, tears—that of the wife of President McKinley by a golden sunshine of conjugal love that passeth human understanding; and therein for her lies the

greatest solace, coupled with Christian hope, in combatting the present tidal wave of trouble that has swept over her in the flicker, changeable sea of life's action. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" and when based upon faith in the goodness and justice of Jehovah, 'tis most beautiful—buys up when all else would cast down. Christian promise today whispers to the heart of this bereaved woman that darkness will soon give way to light—that ere long God's eternal sunshine will fall upon the heads of reunited love—that beyond the sunset's radiant glow there will be a rewedding of kindred spirits that no assassin's stroke can dissolve—an eternal reunion—at home forever.

"Goodbye, Ida, goodbye. It is God's will. His way, not our's be done."

These were the last words of our martyred president spoken to his wife. Brave resignation to the provisions of providence and lovable declaration of Christian fortitude.

"Nearer my God to thee." Thus he chanted in his last period of consciousness.

God protect William McKinley and bless the noble example he set for his countrymen in his love for home.

And may the mantle of sorrow rest lightly on the heart of his devoted wife until the two shall finally be reunited in that home not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

*Sempre il mal non vien per uocere*

## THE WORDS OF GARFIELD.

The sentence "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives" was given to American history by James A. Garfield during the great excitement attendant upon the assassination of President Lincoln. Garfield, who afterwards became president only to fall at the hand of an assassin, was in New York when a telegram came from Washington announcing the nation's misfortune. A furious mob of eight thousand people surged through the streets. An attack on the New York World had been planned, and was about to be executed. "It was a critical moment," says W. D. Owen in the *Genius of Industry*. "A telegram had just been received from Washington. Seward is dying. Just at that juncture a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd. 'Another telegram from Washington!' and then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested for a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out: 'Fel-low-citizens, clouds and darkness are around him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of his Throne! Mercy and Truth shall go before His face! Fel-low-citizens, God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives!'"

A headline in the usually very intelligent *Kansas City Journal* a day or two since played up the story of a stampede or jam at the capitol at Washington as a "horrible holocaust," or what might have been one. That headline was written certainly not with the view to tipping the reader as to the contents of the story to follow as the narrative "neath the caption whispered naught of either Jewish sacrifice or of death by fire.

The *Kansas City papers* on Tuesday of this week printed stories under "scare headlines" to the effect that Major William Warner would be offered a place in President's Roosevelt's cabinet. The next day these same chroniclers of fact (?) gave out the statement that the new president had invited the old cabinet to remain his official family. And there you are.

Columbia is a school town. Columbia capital is building 150 houses for residence purposes to accommodate those who wish to locate there. Lexington is a school town. There is not a vacant residence in Lexington and none in course of construction. Idle capital should be utilized. Big interest can be realized. Go to work and build up Lexington.

The opening of the football season in college towns and the country at large has caused a smile of bright anticipation to adorn the faces of members of that profession given to the reduction of bone fractures and the rearrangement of dislocated joints.

Mark Hanna has been enabled to find one grain of consolation during the past few days. Congressman Daugherty of Missouri has mentioned his name in connection with the republican candidacy for president.

## EDITORIAL SNAP-SHOTS.

Let us hope that the effort to erect a statue of Napoleon on the world's fair grounds at St. Louis does not mark the managers of that enterprise as imperialists.

Now that there is a change in the presidency Editor Bryce of the *Louisiana Press* may reach the pinnacle of his ambition and become postmaster at that town.

If Roosevelt as president should continue the war he made on trusts while governor of New York it will be in order to revive that old-time query: "What's the matter with Hanna?"

The Schley court of inquiry temporarily suspended operations following the death of the president. President Roosevelt has never taken sides in this affair and it is probable that no feeling will be manifested on his part in behalf of either Schley or Sampson.

Instead of "Teddy the Terrible" it is now President Roosevelt. Should our chief executive, however, continue to evince a fondness for the gun it is to be hoped that his desire to exterminate the mountain lion will be as pronounced against the British product.

If Hanna's pet ship-subsidy steal should now receive a set-back an unholy scheme of a set of the grandest rascals that ever went unhung may be thwarted. And this assertion is made in the face of the fact that we may be accused of treason by the esteemed *Kansas City Journal*.

It seems strange that the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Kansas City Journal* don't move out of Missouri, bag and baggage. Each could rest assured that expression of regret at their departure would not burden the columns of those newspapers that always stand up for the state.

With the *Kansas City Star* utterances of democratic leaders all bear the same significance. It is a case of "you'll be d—d if you do and you'll be d—d if you don't." Col. Nelson's fealty to organized wealth is quite blinding to his sense of truth and justice—if he has any.

The fact that at a meeting of eminent theological students who have been ordained to preach the gospel of truth, held in the east a fortnight since, the deduction was reached that a material hell of fire and brimstone does exist, some effect should manifest itself in the editorial columns of the *Kansas City Journal*.

William Marion Reedy of the *St. Louis Mirror* has once more reminded the people of Missouri that there is such a personality in his home town as Col. Abe Slusky, the mention of whose name was suggested in giving birth to a story painting the virtues and shining characteristics of Col. Pinky Blitz of *Kansas City*. The picture will be found in another column.

Historians have dug up the fact that an attempt was made on the life of President Andy Jackson January 30, 1835, by an English house painter named Lawrence. "Old Hickory" was attending the funeral of a friend and while in the procession Lawrence presented his pistol and pulled the trigger. The cap exploded, but for some reason the powder was not fired. Dropping the pistol the would-be assassin pulled another from his pocket but it, too, failed to do its work. The attempt to murder Jackson was the result of a conspiracy but it was hard to make the fighter of national banks see it. Lawrence was sent to an insane asylum where he died.

## MISSOURI POLITICS.

J. H. Whitecotton, speaker of the Missouri house at the last session of the legislature, paid Columbia a visit a few days since, apropos of which the *Herald* states that the gentlemen from Monroe may be a candidate for governor to succeed Mr. Dockery. There is no harm in being a candidate, as the field is open to all. It is a settled fact, however, that Col. Whitecotton will run up against some very warm company.

The tragic death of President McKinley is causing alarm among the present republican "ins" at *Kansas City*. They feel as though their main prop had been removed and that they are liable at any moment to find themselves trying to live by grazing on grassless pastures. Walter Dickey, chairman of the republican county committee, has had his scalp knife out for some time for some of g. o. p. federal office-holders in the Kaw town. Dickey is close to President Roosevelt and thereby hangs the cause for alarm. However, political troubles in Jackson county are nothing unusual. They are usually as thick as leaves in fallimbrosa.

ing unusual. They are usually as thick as leaves in fallimbrosa.

Newspaper gossip is responsible for the statement that State Senator Frank Faris, who aspires to a seat in congress but who is opposed by the only democratic paper in his own home town, is to establish a printing plant at Steelville, Crawford county, to help along his boom. Senator Faris is a son of J. W. Faris, at one time speaker of the Missouri house, and who was defeated for the nomination for lieutenant-governor at the state convention at Kansas City last year.

Ex-Gov. W. J. Stone is back from his fishing trip in south Missouri thoroughly restored to health and ready for the coming fray in the senatorial contest which promises to grow very warm. That Stone will make his strong personality felt in this fight is generally conceded by the press of the state, judging from the tone of which the man who beats him will don the official toga of Senator Vest.

A north Missouri paper rises to remark that if Senator Vest is of the same opinion now that he was when elected to the senate the last time—that he will not be a candidate for re-election—he could settle a much mooted question and allay much apprehension by speakin' out in meetin' and letting people know "where he is at." In the meantime the senator preserves a most annoying silence and the guessing contest continues.

Col. Paul B. Moore, private secretary and brother-in-law to the late governor, Lon V. Stephens, has partially abandoned fighting men (politically speaking) and is now giving his attention to a warfare on cows that run at large in his home town. In his newspaper he advocates the arrest of each and every cow and in extreme cases favors the infliction of capital punishment.

The novelty of ex-Gov. Stephens' "sharps and flats" column in the *Booneville Advertiser* is wearing off and interest is abating. The people of Missouri are intelligent enough to realize that there is no argument in abuse and that "sharps and flats" carry with them nothing save the ex-governor's private opinion of some individual citizen expressed in language more becoming to the bar-room than to the drawing-room.

The democratic press of the state is giving considerable attention to Congressman Cooney anent the disposition he has made of his salary since his people sent him to Washington. The *Intelligencer* takes the position that this is a matter that concerns Mr. Cooney alone. Writing letters in political life is frequently fraught with great danger and is a specific practice which one should shun if he would succeed. This Cooney controversy reminds one of Bob Burdette's story of the bull-dog and the parrot.

Ed. Butler the garbage contractor and boss politician of St. Louis assumes the credit in a public interview of having elected Rolla Wells mayor of that city. The entire interview overflows with "gall" and points to Mr. Butler as a man of more than ordinary self-esteem. It was the lamented John S. Marmaduke who told Butler in one of the corridors of the Lindell hotel at St. Louis that if he could not be governor without his support he would prefer the sting of defeat. This crushing rebuke, however, only made Butler the bolder and it seems that he still clings to the opinion that he is "it."

Bossie Francis, the Johnson county murderer, has not as yet been apprehended. The *Sedalia Capital* killed him a few days ago but the *Intelligencer* regrets that the story was a fake.

Every wheel on several of the railroads of the country stopped for five minutes Thursday while the funeral of President McKinley was being held, through respect to the honored dead.

The death of James A. Garfield occurred just twenty years to the day prior to the funeral of William McKinley. Both victims of assassin's bullets.

## Thanks.

The *Lexington Intelligencer* of last week presents a fine picture of our Congressman, Hon. Wm. S. Cowherd. While Lafayette county is no longer a part of the fifth district she has a feeling for former associates. By the way the old *Intelligencer* is looking quite spry in her old age.

## A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

The kind of "Young Man That Materially Benefits." For the great majority of men a college course is of inestimable value. For a minority, it is worse than useless. How shall a boy determine which of these classes he belongs to? A good college offers a student three things: theoretical knowledge of principles connected with his business, breadth of general culture, and friendships that are of service to him now and hereafter. If he appreciates these things, and can take them seriously, a college is a good place for him. If he cannot thus appreciate at least one of them, he would better not go to college at all.

None of these things can be planned with. They must all be achieved by hard work—none the less hard because it is so often pleasurable.

If a boy thinks that the study of theory is a short and easy way for the attainment of practical skill, he is gravely mistaken. It is quite easy from practical skill, and its results show themselves more in the later stages of the student's development than they do when he first goes into the office or the shop. The theory of mechanics or of physics is not to be studied by lectures and experiments. It means knowledge of analytical geometry and the differential calculus. The theory of chemistry is not to be learned by amusement in the laboratory, but by attention to dry principles which require the utmost exactitude of application. The theory of political economy is not to be learned by the reading of entertaining books and magazine articles. A student who would really master it must understand the principles of law and ethics which are more difficult than those which he meets in the routine of ordinary business. These so-called theories which are easily acquired and easily recited are not, in practice, with a contempt which is well deserved.—Arthur Twining Hadley, President of Yale University, in *Speeches*.

## WHEN SEEKING A POSITION.

Young Man Should Remember Little Things Influence an Employer. Managers of large institutions and business houses tell us that they reject a great many applications from boys and young men, because of badly spelled and carelessly written letters. The handwriting and style of a letter are reliable indications of the character of the writer. A negligent letter with careless sentences and inaccurate expressions, indicates an inferior mind. The structure of the sentences shows the texture of the mind which uses them. As a rule, a neatly written letter, with well constructed sentences containing concise and pointed expressions, indicates a careful and systematic mind. A loose-jointed letter shows carelessness in the choice of words to express a thought, and signifies a loosely constructed mind which would be careless in everything. These would appear to be small things, but trifles make perfection.

An employer is influenced mostly by the little things in an application for a position. The little remains dropped, the appearance, the dress, the collar, the cuffs, the nails and the hair—all of these, which seem trifles, have proved stumbling blocks to the advancement of many a youth. A careless expression in conversation, the use of slang, a failure to look the superintendent or manager in the eye when talking with him, forgetfulness in removing one's hat, holding a cigarette, even an indication of the use of tobacco, or the sign of some other bad habit, gruffness, lack of politeness, and the hundred other seeming trifles, have barred the progress of many a youth.

Learning to spell correctly, to write a plain, straightforward letter, without superfluous words, correctly punctuated, and in good, terse English, will form a very important stepping stone in the career of a youth.—Ernest Swett Marden, in *Speeches*.

## An Orchid That Drinks.

What is probably the most extraordinary plant ever discovered has been found by Mr. E. A. Suerkrop of Philadelphia, in South America. It is an orchid that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty by letting down a tube into the water, the tube when not in use, being coiled up on top of the plant. Mr. Suerkrop has named the plant by the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata.

## Paper Worth Taking.

The *Paris Figaro* advises its readers to subscribe to the government's *Journal Officiel*, as the paper on which it is printed, if sold to dealers, yields much more than the *Journal* costs.